SPN, any/any: "There are men who would quickly love each other if once they were speak to each other; for when they spoke they would discover that their souls had only separated by phantoms and delusions." Ernest Hello

This was a more plotty one, inspired by a few Lucifer-working-with-Castiel ideas and it didn't quite go where I wanted it to go, I think it did alright. G, contains Dean being confused, all that jazz.

G, kinda dark, AU S5

It's Dean who catches his arm before he can leave. It's Dean who looks him in the eyes and says, "What the hell, Cas?"

Castiel looks at Dean's hand and his eyes are hard when he removes it from his arm. "Go back to sleep, Dean."

"Right. Yeah, no. What's going on?"

Castiel looks Dean in the eye. "I am working on building an alliance with a being that may be able to assist us."

Dean stares right back, and Castiel can see that he's going to be difficult. "If this alliance will help us, then you're taking me along."

Castiel would exhale. He is annoyed. But he puts his fingers on Dean's forehead, and they are gone.

The next place Dean sees is yet another warehouse, with just enough lighting to let him see Castiel's annoyance clearly.

He likes to think he knows the angel, at least enough to read his moods to some extent, and he hopes that he's reading him wrong tonight, because Castiel lied to him.

Not entirely, probably, but he was lying. Castiel is a terrible liar, especially to Dean, and Dean doesn't like this annoyance, either.

But then Castiel is gone, the sound of wings heralding his departure.

"Cas!" Dean calls, but it's useless, and he's here in god-knew-where doing god-knew-what.

To top it off, he doesn't even have his cellphone, because he was going to turn in for the night. He's lucky he still has a gun and a few knives on him, but that doesn't reassure him in the least.

He doesn't know if there's anything else in here, or anyone else, so he draws his gun, and heads for an exit cautiously. He's going to *kill* Castiel later for this.

That's when he hears the sound of wings, not once but twice. He spins to face the angels, and there is Castiel, and there -

He raises his gun, fears rising, shouting for Castiel to move either way, but Lucifer's just standing there, looking amused.

"You wanted to come," Castiel says, frowning. He still looks annoyed, and Dean isn't going to kill him later. He is going to *pulverize* him later.

"Cas, tell me that's not the Devil." He tries, hoping against all odds that it's just a lookalike. A shifter. Something. Something that means he can still trust Castiel.

"You honestly brought him." Lucifer says, he sounds incredulous. "To our little tete-a-tetes."

Castiel's only saving grace right now is that he looks confused at the phrase. Dean thinks that maybe he's not brainwashed. Or an imposter. But he's annoyed with *Dean*, and he actually sounds

apologetic when he says: "If I was to remain on time, I had no choice."

Dean pinches himself, quickly, and nope, he's not dreaming.

"Did you bring it?" Lucifer asks next, ignoring Dean, and Castiel holds out a small pouch.

"As I said," Castiel says. "I did not have the time to leave him behind and collect this if I was to remain on time."

"What the hell?" Dean says, and approaches Castiel, carefully. "Cas, what the hell are you doing?"

Castiel looks at him, and then the Devil himself is chuckling.

"Might as well explain our little deal while he's here." Lucifer's lips are twisted into a wry grin, and Castiel has graduated from annoyed to exasperated.

"Lucifer and I have had several discussions recently, Dean, and we are working for remarkably similar goals."

Dean pinches himself again.

Castiel gives him a distinctly annoyed look. "I am attempting to prevent Earth from being destroyed, and to preserve the ideals of free will for humanity." He jerks his head in a nod to Lucifer and continues. "He is attempting to cleanse the Earth of humanity and to preserve the ideals of his rebellion, which was the freedom to tell God no."

"...Cas, you're not making a shred of sense." Dean says, and he is so ready for this nightmare to be over.

"What he is attempting to tell you," Lucifer says, and if he does that 'speaking down to the stupid hooman' thing again Dean is going to shoot him. "Is that I am willing to compromise."

"Compromise." Dean says. "On *what*?"

"The fate of humanity." Lucifer says. "The fate of my demons. It wasn't difficult, actually, once we understood each other."

Dean looks at Cas. "And you believed his bullshit?"

"I believe we can stop trying to explain now," Castiel says quietly.

"That is a shame," Lucifer agrees, just as quietly. "Perhaps we will speak later, Dean Winchester." He smirks and is gone.

Dean looks at Castiel, but there are fingers on his forehead and everything goes white.

"Sammy," Dean says, the next morning, just as Sam finally exits the bathroom. "What was in that burger last night?"

"Nothing weird, why?" Sam asks, and he's sure he's going to regret asking.

"I had a weird-ass dream. About Cas." Dean shakes his head, rubbing his eyes.

Sam goes 'oh?' and hopes even more that he doesn't regret it.

"I didn't even *know* angels had three tongues." Dean says, and Sam is backpedaling back into the bathroom as fast as he could go.

(Castiel shows up later that day, and Dean proceeds to ask him all about his three tongues.

Needless to say, it doesn't go well for anyone. Least of all Sam, who had to *listen* to the heated discussion.)